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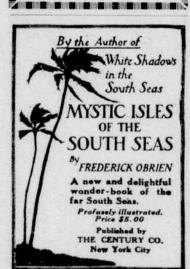
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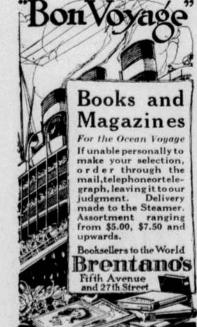
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ESSAYS · POETRY



shoulders above the crowd of little singers who infest the earth. In a poem like "The Healed Ones" Mrs.

Garrison touches the heights, I think:

Should 1 win to paradise (since even sinners enter there).
I shall not seek the high saints with

crown and aureole.

But I shall find the humble ones, the healed ones that centre there.

Who followed through all gratitude the love that made them whole.

He who once was blind shall tell me
of his sight again,
Tell me of the glory that flooded land
and sea,
When across his opened eyes surged in
golden light again
The yellow sands—the blue waves—
the sun of Galilee

shall not seek the martyrs, the stanch

Those who won to ecstasy from fag-got and from rod
But I shall seek the simple feik in no fashion glorious.
The broken straws of mankind that proved the winds of God.

He who once was dumb shall tell me his

first word again;
He who long was helpless shall tell
his joy to me
When first his bonds were broken and
his bound limbs stirred again—
He shall tell me of the word and
touch that made him free

Never saint nor martyr, when heaven opened wide to him.

Knew a greater joylthan those whom I shall seek therefore;

And a little lad shall tell me what first his mother cried to him, When he who limped out sighing, ran shouting through the door.

Other of her songs cry out for comosers to set them to music, so filled

are they with melody all their own This is by far Mrs. Garrison's bes

book—the peak, thus far, of her nota-ble achievement; and it should have

as well as other periods in the poet's life, which have remained a mystery to his biographers.

The volumes contain all of Whit-man's magazine and newspaper ar-

a wide and lasting circulation.

souls victorious,

Max adds to his collected works

AND EVEN NOW, By Max Beerbohm, London: Wm. Heinemann

Reviewed by SAMUEL ROTH.

At about the time when the first flush of the Ninetles paled on the yellow bush Mr. Max Beerbohm, aged twenty-five, as though to coax the last days of a sadly expiring century, published his Collected Works. It never design in this profoundly humorous gesture, and when a few years later another slender volume entitled "More" Phone and Post Card ordees shinned C. O. D. made its appearance good literary
people regarded it as the continuation LA CONTENTO CIGAR CO. of the willim of a very denging of the willim of a very denging of the willim of a very denging of the man. No. not even Max himself realizes how true, if intentionally facetious, was the symbolism of the "Col-lected Works"; for with the closing of the Nineteenth Century closed the book of Time for Max Beerbohm who was conceived in and even now belongs entirely to the Nineties-to the old age of a century of gigantic self-assurance and boastfulness grown a little shy and modest in its last days through its whimsical recorder.

The Nineties passed: the nineteenth century passed, but Max is proof even against Death. "Yet Again" followed "More" to remind the world that Mr. Beerbohm, though still with the dead Nineties, was himself delightfully alive. Followed some stories and cartoons, Max was flippant enough to pretend to be interested in such entirely mod-ern people as Sir Herbert Asquith and Mr. John Masefield, but by drawing them he was merely throwing a veil over them—a playful but not very useful thing to do. And on the cover of his new book, issued only in England, where one looks for the title of the book, you read "And Even Now-

What a strange, beautiful fellow! It never matters what he chooses to write about. It may be only on remembering a single line. "Down below, the sea rustled to and fro over the shingle." Or on having picked up a book of sample letters for peo-ple who have difficulty with their correspondence. He remembers seeing a ridiculously draped statue on an obscure point of the Italian seacoast with as much spirit as a certain visit to Swinburne. These two incidents and the Tischbein-Goethe incident are the most delightful things in the book But there is the danger of saying such drastic things. The clergyman whom he drags out of Boswell is not

a whit less funny. How Goethe went to Italy and made the friendship of Tischbein is a mat-ter of common knowledge. But why, inquires Max, did not Tischbein ever not have been because he was not in working humor. "He did crowds of heroes in helmets looked down at by gods in clouds; he did centaurs leaping ravines; Sabine women, sieges of Troy. And he did this portrait of Goethe. At least he began it. Why didn't he finish it?" As Goethe was one of the most fascinating men of his time the most fascinating men of his time the conclusion Max comes to is rather wrimsical. Tischbein tired of Gowthe's ciety and fairly ran away from him!

But this is incredible, as incredible the story of the "Mobled King." 'I didn't know it was a statue. had made by night the short journey from Genoa to this place by the sea; and, driving along the coast road to the hotel that had been recommended don be redraped. "Let an inventory or three years, and she has culled with be taken of the statues. Let it be discretion. submitted to Lord Rosebery, and he be

cident in the book. "Fragmentary, a high optimism—not the foolish, pale, momentary," Max describes him; easy all's-right-with-the-world point of view; but a sane, healthy, valiant as it were, a faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath lifts,

on the morning of that day had en-Court, and invited him to dine at ever they are given utterance.

Thraie Hall. The two took coach and

Her themes are varied. A passionate arrived early. It seems that Sir John lover of Nature in her many mani-Pringle had asked Boswell to ask festations, Mrs. Garrison can carol of Johnson what were the best English November or spring, and is touched sermons for style.' Boswell suggested by the evanescent beauty of the world.

Boswell: What I want to know is mar a bit my enjoyment of the affair. If she has one fault it is her inability what sermons afford the best specimen of English pulpit eloquence. John-Dunton were not two real old men, evenly good that sometimes she grows

neatness of style and subtlety of rea- | incident (mine is the two volume Ox- of an old romance about as well as soning. Johnson; I should like to ford edition) I shall have very grave any one writing to-day. read all that Ogden has written. doubts, though these doubts do not It has been said of this singer that

son: We have no sermons addressed but inventions of the head of Max monotonous. I do not feel that way to the passions that are good for Beerbohm the incident of "No. 2, "he about her at all. Thank heaven for anything; if you mean that kind of Pines" would not be any the less some one who cares definitely enough eloquence. A Clergyman, whose name fascinating it is the record of Beer- for her poems to put the best she can. I do not recollect: Were not Dodd's bohm's first meeting with the poet always, into them. She does not limp; sermons addressed to the passions? and his extraordinary host.

"On the day appointed," writes Perhaps she has not genius but sh



Max Beerbohm. By Carlo Fornaro.

"I know not," adds the distressed Max, linger. It is but a few steps from the which is the more startling—the debut railroad station in Putney High Street

"The Uncollected I se and Poetry of Walt Whitman" is the title under which is the more startling—the debut of the unfortunate clergyman or the instantaneousness of his end." Max lingers a while on this incident and his sense of pity and his sense of irony march together in order like comrades at arms.

I will here make a confession.

Though I have read Boswell's book of the light which house leave the light of the light o Prof. Emory Holloway, an authority on the poet's work. Prof. Holloway

Songs that sing themselves

there is no poetry published in the I passed what in the starlight looked like nothing but an elderly woman mounted on a pedestal and gazing out seaward—a stout, elderly, lonely woman in a poke bonnet, indescribable except by that old Victorian term 'a party.' And this statue of King Umparty. And this statue of King Um-berto must forever remain velled in this ridiculous fashion because the town council cannot decide. Way into the hearts of thousands of admiring readers, and have become part of our lyric language. Three own council cannot decide on a place volumes from Mrs. Garrison's prolific where its permanent stay will not be pen have hitherto been issued, and disputed." Max is not very much now comes a fourth stimulating group outraged by the appearance of the statue; indeed, he thinks it would be the Larks Rise." Herein will be found a good thing if a law were passed the best and noblest of this genuine decreeing that all the statues in Lonsinger's output during the last two

The same firm touch, the same deep asked to tick off all those statesmen, understanding of homely and beauti-poets, philosophers and other person-ful things, is evident; but one senses ages about whom he would wish to orate. Then let the list be passed on to other orators, until every statue on it shall have its particular spokesman. Then let the dates for the various veilings be appointed. If there be easy to comprehend. She says the things we all think of—but cannot the control of the four or five veilings every week, I things we all think of—but cannot things we all think of—but cannot utter. A syndicate could make of her, were she willing, another Ella Wheeler willow. enjoyment of the reported speeches will not be the less keen because I can so well imagine them."

Wilcox—but a sublimated Mrs. Wilcox. Hers is a surer grasp of her technique than ever the older poet possessed; and she has a more piercingly beauti-believe that the clergyman out of I believe that the clergyman out of Boswell is the most remarkable incident in the book. "Fragmentary, easy all's-right-with-the-world point outlook on life that thrills while it up-

the rolling waters of time.

Nothing is told of him but that once, abruptly, he asked a question, and received an answer.

Of all the women writing via day none stands higher than Mrs. Garrison. She has poise, and dignity, and flaish. Also she has emotion, and everything that she produces seems to Of all the women writing verse 1778, at Streatham, in the well-ap-pointed house of Mr. Thrale. Johnson because it must; and her followers tertained Boswell at breakfast in Bolt taneity of her songs and rejoice when-

Atterbury. Johnson: Yes, Sir, one of the best. Boswell: Tillotson? Johnson: Why, not now. I should not finest feelings, and therefore achieves advise any one to imitate Tillotson's the best results. Some of her love style. Boswall: I like Ogden's Sermons on Prayer very much, both for along with those of Sara Teasdale

AS THE LARKS RISE. By Theodosia During the world war Mrs. Garrison Garrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

During the world war Mrs. Garrison ticles, including those collected in Brooklyn, manuscript notebooks and STHE LARKS RISE. By Theodosia Garrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Reviewed by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Those who are fond of saying that the second second second saying that which she cries:

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Walt wrote for the New York World.

"Oh, land of ours, be glad for such

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line Lockhart. Doubleday, Page.
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Miscellaneous.

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OF ETIQUETTE—By Nella Braddy.
Doubleday, Page.
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